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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

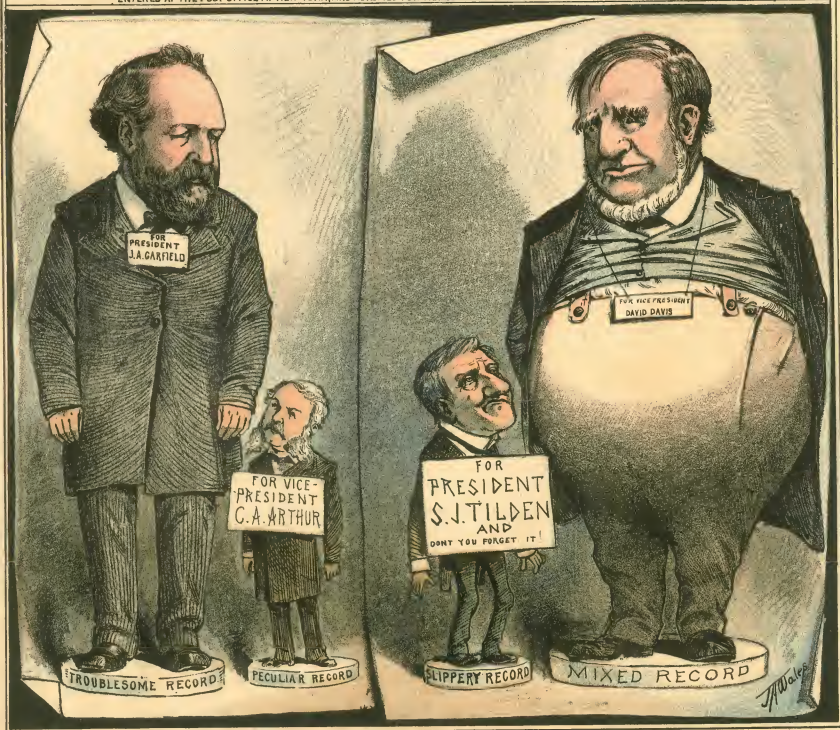
Suck

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A WEAK TICKET IN THE FIELD —

AND A WEAKER EXPECTED.

If the Republicans Have Done Feebly at Chicago, what May We Expect of the Democrats at Cincinnati?

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO MULHOOPLY ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.



Now, I want to know what all dis racket is. When I say dis racket, I mean de way de b'yes is goin' back on de Boss. It's low-down, dat's what it is, and I'm a kickin'; you betcher life I'm a kickin'.

Dere's Arthur—Arthur's a nice sardine, he is! After him 'n' de ole man had fixed it out all square 'n' sold, to go for

to go back on de machine and fix things wid de Rads—oh, bite me ear, it makes me feel sick!

I tought sure de b'yes was let in for sometin' fat, dis election. No Yark's my racket, er course; but I was kinder speculatin' on enlargin' my sp're, an' takin' in Washington. I tink I c'd work Washington—me and Maginnis and Hamlet—Ham is dat purp down dere—there, I would say. I'm takin' fearful gallus to-day, I feel so bad.

When I say I feel bad, I don't mean dat I took so much stock in Arthur. 'Taint that—no. You ain't got this thing down fine. Arthur wouldn't never have been no use to us. Dem Radicals is all drawn out of de same keg. They're lugsy, and they wash themselves like they was goin' to take the hide off, and they give you no end 'f chin-roast about purity and de preservation of de country—and—and—oh, well, dey put on most too much style about deir stealin'.

Dem felliz wouldn't never get along wid de b'yes. Dey ain't got no idea of jinin' de gang; it's only a bluff for de rest of de rads—dat's all. An' den, dey ain't got no intention of divvin' square. We found dat out last year.

Oh, no, we ain't got no call to put on mournin' for Arthur. What I'm a-growin' 'bout is de free 'n' easy way he walks off, widout sayin' naathin' to nobody, 's if de ole man wasn't of no account. Dat ain't no way to give de Boss de shake.

Now, Sammy Tilden, he's hired a hall out in 'Snatty, he has. An' he ain't goin' to let de old man in, he ain't. Dat's what he says. We ain't gettin' no respect, nowhere. Dis ting has got to be kinder straightened out.

Maginnis an' I went down to Larry Gaffney's to beer, 'tudder night.

"Mulhooly," says he to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "people don't appreciate our position, they don't. You may buzz about yer Young Scratchers, 'n' bolters, an' all yer kid-glove snides; but we're de true Independents, we are."

"Maginnis," says I to him, "Maginnis," I says: "what are you givin' me, anyway?" Maginnis, I says: "I been called a snoozer, and I been called a rooster; but nobody ain't never accused me 'f bein' an Independent. I run wid de machine, every time; an' I ain't never give de Boss away, and don't you forget it."

"Mulhooly," he says to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "don't you make no mistake. We ain't Independent—Holy Moses! I didn't mean no such ting as dat—it's de machine what's Independent."

"Maginnis," I says to him, "Maginnis," I says: "I'm way off."

"Mulhooly," he says to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "I want you to freeze to dis here fac,"

If dey fire us out of de 'Snatty Convention, it's goin' to bejes' velvet for you an' me," he says, "and for all de b'yes. Do you know what Un-attached Cavalry is?" he says.

"I do," I says to him, "I do, Maginnis," I says: "Dat's de kind of Cavalry I belonged to, back in war-times. I wasn't attached to naathin, only the bounty."

"Well," says he, "Mulhooly," says he, "you ain't far out, you ain't. Unattached Cavalry is Cavalry as skips round loose, wherever it's wanted de most. Dat's our racket dis year. We'll be wanted long about November," says he, "an' den the felliz what wants us will have to holler loud," he says.

"Maginnis," says I to him: "Maginnis," I says: "I see where you're gettin' to," I says: "you mean that we ain't goin' to do no Alliances nor naathin on trust, *this time*," I says.

"Mulhooly," says he to me, "Mulhooly," he says: "you've got a powerful grip on the idea, you have," he says.

An' den me and him and Ham, we went down to Dutch Ike's. De Boss is coming out all right dis time; you freeze right onto dat.

J. B.—June 7th, 1880.

THE ACTOR'S dead—and Memory alone

Recalls the genial magic of his tone:

Marble nor canvas nor the printed page

Shall tell his genius to another age—

A memory, doomed to dwindle less and less—
His world-wide fame shrinks to this littleness.

Yet, if a half a century from to-day,

A tender smile about our old lips play;

And if our grandchild query whence it came,

We'll say: "a thought of Brougham"—and
that is Fame.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

Q. E. D.

How many times do I drink my beer?

Tell me how many flies there be

In the atmosphere

Of a new fall'n year,

Whose bright and silky wings appear

In the sunlight free;

So many times do I drink my beer!

How many times do I drink again?

Tell me how many drops there are

In a foaming Stein

Of the brew divine,

Extracted from the malted grain,

And rich as the beam of a yellow star:

So many times do I drink again!

CROSSING.

A stream and a ferry-boat,

To sail the North River o'er—

And merrily on we float

To the opposite Jersey shore!

There are dresses of cotton cloth,

And of linen dusters a few,

That laughs at the wary moth,

And weareth the summer through!

And the ferry-boats come and go

Each day as the last before;

And the same old crowd you know

Cross over from shore to shore!

F. W. P.

Puckering.

S-H-H-H!—Boom!—A-h-h-h-h—U. S. G.

POLITICAL MARKET REPORT.—Grant Stock has Gone Up.

A THING OF RHETORICAL BEAUTY is not a Joy from Michigan.

GRANT had better have stuck to his old original form of skin-game.

THIRD TERM INVOCATION—O Don, where is thy Sting; O Conkling, where is thy Victory!

THE STREETS of Washington, though the avenues of the place to which cheerful city life is compared, are not paved with good intentions.

SCRIPTURAL TERM TICKET.—In contradistinction to the Heathen Third-Term, Ulysses, For President; J. ABRAM Garfield, for Vice-President; C. ABSALOM Arthur.

A LARGE SALE of Dark Horses is announced to take place at Chicago during the current week. The occasion will offer many opportunities of purchasing superior animals at very low figures.

THE GRADUATING class at West Point has been let loose just in time, and its hair is of just the right length to enable it to take a hand in the deliberations of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati.

MR. KELLY's attitude towards the Cincinnati Convention is one of beautiful indifference. If they don't let him in, he will convene all by himself, outside, and it won't take him long to find out what he wants to do, either.

COUNTRY BOARD, we learn from the *Herald*, is offered to a single gentleman, in a retired neighborhood, one hour in the week from the station, in a quiet family. We reprint this announcement for the benefit of General U. S. Grant.

It is interesting to the American tax-payer to read in the Democratic papers that the adjournment of Congress is a regrettable and premature choking-off, the work of the partisan malice of a filibustering Republican minority.

EDITORIAL REMARKS of the London *Times* on the Chicago nomination: "The Republican, or Locofoco Party, in the United States, have nominated Chester A. Garfield, Esquire, of Ohio, Illinois, as their Candidate for the Presidency, to replace Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes, who has been impeached for habitual inebriety. This nomination is conceded to be a severe blow to the prospects of the Whig, or Democratic, Party, who now hold the administration of affairs, and who are under the leadership of Mr. W. G. Tilden, the Governor of Gramercy Territory, which lies at the confluence of the Swancee and the Salt Rivers."

LEATHER!

MR. U. S. GRANT, having returned from an extended foreign tour, which he has made for the sole purpose of studying foreign improvements in the preparation of leather, is prepared to resume the business of

TANNING AND DRESSING.

(in which he has in former times succeeded in giving satisfaction to his many customers.)

AT THE OLD STAND.

Mr. Grant begs leave to announce that Messrs. Roscoe Conkling and Don Cameron have no longer any connection with this establishment.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

PUCK'S BILLET-DOUX.

To U. S. G.



It didn't say we'd take you, Grant!
Despite Don's coaxing day by day,
And Roscoe Conkling's everlasting rant,
And foolish Third Term yea.

You know we didn't want you, Grant;
No word of ours gave such a thought.
Why would you force the flat, decisive "Can't?"—
You surely hadn't ought!

We dare say Poet Childs would make
A business for you—here's a go!
For Olaf, Poet's not had to take
Even at prices low.

Or there's the Nicaraguan scheme
You could be boss of if you'd try—
And fire a mine under De Lesseps's dream,
To knock Colon sky-high!

"Republicans are ungrateful!" Well,
Perhaps it is so—hence, therefore,
Just let them go to thunder for a spell,
Nor their ill-luck deplore!

No, pray, no angry looks avenge!
Don't call us false who owed not to be true:
We'd rather answer "No!" to fifty Grants
Than answer "Yes!" to you.

We would be with you, friend—
No more; no less; and friendship's good.
Only don't bother over Third Term ends
And points well understood.

Is it a treaty? shall it be
That which we *can*—not what we *can't*?
Here's friendship for you; but for the T. T.—
No, thank you, Grant!

PUCK.

THE DUELING BOOM.



THE ancient and more or less honorable practice of dueling seems to be in a fair way of regaining its ancient popularity. A well-developed dueling-boom has been started in Europe, and the cable has been busy for the last few weeks in scoring up duels at the rate of about three a day.

The subject is interesting; and we propose to give our readers a little general information as to duels in general, and one or two notable duels in particular, which may be of value if the fashion spreads to this country. Dueling is a beautiful amusement, but wearing on the health; and has fallen into disuse in the United States, because a great many profound thinkers have held that it is too much of an advertisement for the undertaking business to be a proper sport for gentlemen. There is a certain amount of truth in this: a noble pastime should not be degraded by even an indirect association with the vulgar interests of trade.

But if there is going to be a genuine revival of dueling; if it is going to supplant polo and lawn-tennis, why, the sooner we go into training, the better. It is pleasant to see that a couple of gentlemen down South have already made a neat little beginning. Mr. Elam called Mr. Smith's father a whangdoodle, or words to that effect, and Mr. Smith, boiling over with filial rage, asked Mr. Elam if he would mind stepping out into the suburbs of Richmond, Virginia, and indulging in a game-picnic, with two other gentlemen and a surgeon. Mr. Elam replied that his opinions, publicly expressed, required of him that moderate sacrifice to conventionality. A convenient back-yard was found, and Mr. Smith converted Mr. Elam's chin into a bulleye by the insertion of a bullet in the exact centre of the bone.

Mr. Elam's case, as a conversationalist is thus temporarily interrupted, and he will probably decline to be interviewed by anyone until he is positively obliged to reply to some questions which a police-judge of Richmond is particularly anxious to ask him.

It must be admitted, however, that, while this duel is a very creditable affair for American novices, the sport is carried to perfection only in Europe. The inhabitants of the old world rarely make use of the pistol in their little excursions of honor. The pistol is too uncertain and too energetic. You never know what a pistol is going to do when it goes off, and you often don't know what it *has* done if the bullet happens to hit you. This limits the fun of the game; and gives a man but small chance of becoming an expert. Swords are the favorite substitute for the loud and ungentlemanly shooting-iron. By swords we mean the broad two-edged cleavers carried about in American masonic processions, nor yet the big, clanking affairs, which occasionally trip our gallant militia officers upon review days. The sword employed by the European duellist is a surgical instrument consisting simply of a plain wire, ground down to four sides ending in a fine point, and a basket-handle. Any well-bred European can fiddle about with these slim skewers, according to the rules of the game, for a good half-a-day. Finally one of the combatants will claim that he has touched the other, a recess is taken, experienced surgeons examine the alleged victim with powerful microscopes, and, if the fact of an incision is proved, the demands of honor are said to be satisfied, and the whole company goes to breakfast. If no hole can be found, the contestants must resume their skewers and continue their callisthenics until one makes a visible aperture in the other's skin. Great care is taken never to touch the other man's face, and it is very rarely that the sport terminates in any unpleasant accidents.

The latest struggle for the championship of the dueling business was the one between M.M. Rochefort and Koeechlin. M. Rochefort, better known as Roquefort, is the manufacturer of the popular Roquefort cheese. Mr. Koeechlin taunted M. Roquefort with having made a fortune in imitation Limburger. M. Rochefort responded that M. Koeechlin could not pronounce his own name. Hence core. The gore, in this instance, was supplied by M. Rochefort. A few minor contests have been held within the last fortnight, but none of any great importance. Count Karolyi has perforated another still more luxuriously-named and equally noble Hungarian, and the Prince de Santa Severina has been gored by an adversary, but M. Koeechlin still holds the championship, and, we understand, is about to issue an open challenge to all the world to compete with him in a six-days dueling match.

IN PRESS—(VERY MUCH SO).

HISTORY OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN,
DON CAMERON OF PENNSYLVANIA (companion volume to Don Quixote de la Mancha), illustrated with many etchings specially prepared for this edition by Hunkey Dory, among which may be mentioned: "First Sally" (not the Widow Oliver), "Watching of the Armor" (as Grant's Secretary of War), "Enlistment of Sancho Conkling," "Tournament of the Plumed Knight," "Combat with the (Harrisburg) Sheep Flock," "Assault upon the (Chicago) Wind-Mills," etc., etc. The requirements in such an edition are high. The text selected should be the one best esteemed by impartial critics; the illustrations should be of the highest artistic merit; the typography, paper and binding should be of the best quality. The publisher trusts that in all these respects the edition now offered will meet with general approval. Samples free.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXX.

MANHATTAN BEACH.



Y-a-as aw, Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself have arrived in New York afiah on wathah pleasant wedding-trip. We should have pwolonged it considerably, but my wife's fiends were

extremely desirous that we should return heah, with a view to making preparations for spending the torrid season somewhere.

Everybody who, up to the present time, has remained in town, seems rejoiced to see us again, which aw is deuced gratifying.

Durwing our stay he-ah to weceive the additional pleasure of our friends, we occasionally while away the aw weary hours by venturing down to a wesort on a stwip of sand called Coney Island, in the neighborhood of the aw sea.

This particulah summah watering-place is called Manhattan Beach, and is wendered remarkable by the existence of several verwy extensive wooden buildings, which weivce in the name of hotels. There are long verwandahs all wound them, and all the structures smell strongly of fresh paint.

Our most recent party consisted of my wife, Beaufort—the Duke fellow, ye know—Fitzwry Sonnerest, and some American acquaintances.

We first wosseed in a ferwy steamah, then we took seats in a wathah uncomfortable wailway carriage, and arrived at this Manhattan Beach.

We wandered about the sands and inspected the swange and almost strictly American kind of bathing that was going on, which in many respects was as good as a play.

Then we split into different parties and listened to the instrumental music, which was performed by a considerable body of musicians swagah up in minstrelsy clothes, and seated in a large shed built somewhat in the style of an extraordinarily large oystah-shell. There was also an individual in private clothes, who played solitary pieces on a bwass trumpet—which, I think, is called by musicians a cornet a piston.

As there were not many othah remarkable attractions to feast our eyes and ears on, afiah we had sniffed the bwiny breezes, and wandered round the verwandahs watching people eat and drink, we wosvolved to wewesh ourselves in the same mannah, and faw this purpose were obliged to diswolve ourselves about the space devided to wewefectory purposes, and to endeavor to obtain some dinnah.

It was a fwightfully difficult pwoceeding, and I think if the pwoprietahs were to discharge the whole wagemint of these wathah fellows, I am inclined to think it would be a wreat improvement. These cwacwahs seem to think that the world was cwated simply faw the purpose of supplying them with fees.

Aw wearly they are quite as bad as the most disweputable Bwtish or French servant in a wwestaurant—and an American usually pwides himself on his wathahs being a swperwiah article.

Many othah fellows agree with me in thinking that it would be an admiralah plan to forbid these mercenary and boorwiah, ill-bwedd hewahs of wood and dwawahs of wathah from weweeving fees in any shape or form, but faw a wewigilant police faw attending to be churched on the bill. This arwangement would pwobably do away with the pwesent verwy unsatisfactory state of things, and make the wathahs do their duty in a pwopah mannah to ewerybody, or be obliged to hand in their wesignations aw.

PICTORIAL PUCKERINGS FOR THE CURRENT WEEK.



THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF THE FRENCH NOVEL.
The Ladies Want It, But They are Ashamed to Ask for It.



THE WESTERN LIQUOR DEALER.
"Never mind their parties—the more they convene the better off I am!"

KELLY AND THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.
A Prophetic Sketch by Puck's Special Artist Dispatched in Advance to the Field.
"Oh, why am I out of this beautiful shindy?"

CORONACH.



'Tis I back from the routing,
He's returned from Chicago,
With his bombastic flouting
And Third-Term farrago.

In Senate appearing,
'Tis! sackcloth of sorrow—
Yet there cometh no merriment
For Conkling to mow!

The hand of the scatcher
Drops the lead-pencil ready,
And the Anti-Grant snatcher
Seeks employment more steady.
The stump-speaker, gubbing,
Strikes the platitudes querent—
But our Racoon was in flabbing
When lightning was near.

High jinks on the war-path
(Where shot-guns are wanting)—
Goliath of New Garb,
Thy victories flaunting!
Like the mouse on the mountain,
Like the chip on the river,
Like the soda of the fountain,
Thou art gone—homocœurt!

F. W. P.

BARBERS' CONVENTION!

KNIGHTS OF THE COMB AND
RAZOR IN CONCLAVE.

CUTTING AND CLIPPING.

WASH AND WHISKERS.

Tonic and Tricopherous.

SHAVING AND SHAMPOO.

BAY RUM AND BIG BEARDS.

SOAP AND SCISSORS.

What They Did, and How They
Did It.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

ALL FOR TEN CENTS.



AMERICA ought to receive the congratulations of the civilized world, for Tammany Hall has at last been devoted to a useful purpose. A convention of Barbers has been held there, which has just successfully terminated its sittings.

There were Barbers, Barbers' Assistants, and Barbers' Boys, not only from all the great shaving and hair-cutting centres, but also from the smaller villages of the Southern States, where three shaves can be had for five cents, with a glass of whiskey thrown in.

This class of colored delegates appeared to be a remarkably fine and intellectual body of men, and they were cordially welcomed by their more aristocratic and influential brethren from the Northern and Eastern States.

Among the distinguished members of the profession who were present were the venerable Professor Stubby Beard, Professors Cut and Court Plaster, Scrapper Check, D. F., Deputy Professor of Stropping; A. Powderuff, Lecturer on "Wiping Off the Chin," and many others.

The great convention was opened with prayers by the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and T. De Witt Talmage. The supplications were to the effect that wisdom would be showered upon the followers of the noble profession of barbering, that they might never cut or scrape their customers or put strong bay rum on chins that were tender.

PROFESSOR STUBBY BEARD then delivered his address as President of the Association. He said the object of this Convention was to put all members of the noble profession upon an equal footing. It was to promote harmony among all classes; the fifteen-cent men, the ten-cent men, and the five-cent men. He would not dwell on the wonderful strides that had been made in the science of hair-cutting and shaving—not to speak of the sister-science of shampooing. The intermingling of thought was the characteristic of to-day—and in what way, he demanded, could there be better intermingling or interchange of thought than in the meeting of members of the most useful and honorable profession of the age? In what science or profession, he would ask, had a more wonderful discovery been made than in the application of powder to the chin after shaving? The process of extra softening of the beard by the application of more oleaginous lather was another remarkable triumph for modern barbering. The decline in the use of pomade and oil for the hair, the popularization of the shampoo, the use of the whisk on the garments of customers, and other matters of minor importance, would, he trusted, be fully ventilated and discussed by the highly cultured and intelligent body of delegates whom he saw before him. Papers would also



be read on a variety of subjects, comprising: "Hot and Cold Water in Shampooing," "The Therapeutics of Clean Towels," "Hollow-ground Razors," "The Effect of Scent Atomizing on Different Classes of Customers," "Razor Notches and Blood-letting," "Alum as a Styptic," "The Philosophy of Waiting," etc.

Professor Stubby Beard then called attention to the enormous progress which had been made with regard to the financial condition of the profession. He was happy to say that few barbers of standing ever charged less than fifteen cents to a professional caller for the ordinary operation of shaving and hairdressing, and thirty-five cents for hair-cutting. The charge for a shampoo occasionally varied. These were the ruling rates in what he might call the Civilized States, although even in New York City practitioners were found, he was sorry to say, who would shave for ten cents, and cut hair at a sliding scale of prices, according to the means of their customers.

One of the objects of this Convention was to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things, and equalize the fees for different sections of the country.

In the South, which was still suffering a recovery, pouch could scarcely be expected to pay these rates.

These matters were all subjects that ought to receive the fullest consideration and settlement by the Convention, for by securing unanimity among the profession the health and happiness of millions would be secured.

REMARKS OF MR. COKERNUTTOIL.

MR. COKERNUTTOIL, a colored delegate from Savannah, Georgia, agreed in a great measure

with the address of their honored President, Professor Stubby Beard, but some points had been conspicuously neglected. For instance, the rights of the colored men had not been touched upon. If professional colored men shaved white men, should not professional white barbers, as a matter of etiquette, shave colored men, and also cut their hair? It might be urged that colored men's hair was not hair, but wool—yet, even admitting it to be so, the right of having it cut remained.

Mr. Cokernuttil concluded an eloquent speech with a noble peroration, the last words of which were: "This yer thing, I guess, ought to be settled 'd by de law."

A lively discussion now took place as to whether Van Bell's Rock and Rye, Bay Rum or Jamaica was the best article. It was ultimately decided that all were very good in their way, but could not be used for the same purpose.

REMARKS OF MASTER DUSTEM.

MASTER DUSTEM, a youthful delegate and representative of barbers'-shop white boys, trusted that he was in order in referring to the grievances of the boys he represented.

"I think," said Master Dustem, "that every patient ought to be made to give the boy five cents before leaving the shop. I frequently brush a patient's stove-pipe hat most carefully. I then attack most briskly his shirt-sleeves and the back of his vest with my whisk. I continue the attack while he is putting on his coat, and after all this profuse attention he frequently leaves without giving me a cent."

DELEGATE MATLOCK, from Leadville, Colorado, objected to the question of whisk-brushing being considered by the Convention.

MASTER DUSTEM contended that it was collateral with the objects of the Convention.

Referred to Committee on Buckwheat Cakes.

DELEGATE BRUSHANDCOMB.

DELEGATE BRUSHANDCOMB, from aristocratic Cincinnati, the Paris of America, wished to bring to the notice of the Convention the surpassing excellence of the Electric Hair Brush. Not only will it restore the hair, prevent baldness, but it will, by the perennial supply of "odoric force" cure hœtache, neuralgia, rheumatism and gout, in rather less than no time; it could always be tested by

DELEGATE CLERICAL ERROR STOUGHTON, ex-Minister to Russia, rose to order. He said that, possessing as he did the most wonderful head of hair in the world, he wished to speak a word for his own Dynamo-Voltaic Comb—but he scarcely thought it within the province of this Convention to discuss the respective merits of hair-brushes, whether electric or otherwise.

The subject was referred to Committee on Clambakes and Pig Iron.

REMARKS OF DELEGATE RASPEM.

DELEGATE RASPEM, from Philadelphia, drew attention to the necessity of new rules for uniformity in shaving, and also spoke of the methods of getting rid of hair on the face. Several recent scientific works had pointed out very satisfactory results had been obtained by dispensing entirely with shaving brush, lather and razors, and had substituted an instrument invented by Professor Edison, called Tweezers. Each single hair was seized by the Tweezers and carefully pulled out.

The Convention, he thought, was bound to recognize scientific discoveries, even if they trench on regular professional methods.

There were murmurs of disapprobation, but Mr. Raspem had no difficulty in getting the matter referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

At this stage of the proceeding the Convention adjourned to larger and pretzels.

PRIEZ POUR LE MALHEUREUX.

DELEGATED, ere you go
To the Cincinnati Show,
Light the frank incense and myth—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Pelon, nephew of his heart,
Cease thy stupid, bungling part;
No more shines his fame to blur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Manton, man of hardened cheek,
Purge thy soul of passion weak;
Heed no more the vulgar slur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Weedy Smith, or Smitty Weed,
Stay your everlasting greed;
Mum's your word, and no demur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Waterson, of Louisville,
Draw the long bow longer still—
Shoot the opposition cur—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

Army of Sam Tilden stand
Food to foot, and hand to hand,
All together, as you were—
Priez pour le Malheureux!

BRGUM.

TOO LUCKY.

(Continued.)

My situation was so solemn for slang; but I did want to know what he was giving me for that pistol, and I asked him. He replied with perfect calmness:

"Name yer price."

I thought this was carrying the division too far; and I undertook to close the conversation by saying: "Well, sir, I don't propose to take less than one hundred dollars for that pistol; and my terms are cash. Moreover, this is my busy day, and I've got an appointment in ten minutes." I referred to my appointment with Death. But the ghastly levity which I attempted to throw into my tone did not affect my visitor. He pulled an oblong blank-book from his coat-pocket, a Mackinnon pen from his vest diti, and began to write.

I resolved snub him by paying no attention to him, and rolling my blood-stained corpse at his feet.

I cocked the pistol. At the sound he looked up, remarked "T'won't work," and continued to write in the blank-book. I noticed that he wrote in a rather labored fashion, like a man unaccustomed to pen and ink.

"What won't work?" I asked him.

"Pistol," he grunted, finishing his writing with a broad flourish and a gesture of relief.

"Why won't it work?" I demanded, indignant at such an aspersion upon my property. I was not proud about the trunk, but I took an interest in the pistol.

"Tain't worked," he replied, "since 1804—the year of the jewel."

"What duel?"

"What jewel?—why, snakes and sulphur, man! don't ye know what ye've got there?" I stared blankly at him.

"Well," he said, "I won't go back on my offer; but ye don't deserve the money. Look on the lock of that there shootin'-iron."

I looked.

"What do ye see?"

I saw the initials "A. B.," and a many-pointed star, or rather a circle with a number of sharp projections upon its periphery. I told him so.

"How fuder!" he said.

I saw a date—1804.

"Well?" I said, "what does it all mean? Cut the explanation short, because I'm due in the happy land inside of five minutes."

The stranger looked at me as he might have looked at an idiot. I did not like this. I wished to be regarded as a maniac. I consid-

ered it more dignified. But he evidently thought me only a fool; for he answered me pittingly:

"Young man, that there pistol is the pistol with which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton, in the Elysian Fields, near Hoboken, New Jersey, in the year 1804!"

"Oh, is it?" said I, quite unmoved. "Well, now, if you'll go down the street for five minutes, and tell that to some other fellow, I'll add to the record of that firearm in the meanwhile. It's got some more modern killing to do, just at present."

"Not much it hain't," was the decided reply: "here's your check."

He tore a sheet out of the blank-book, and handed it to me.

"I calculate ye know that name!" he said.

The name was William P. Crow; and to the best of my knowledge I had never heard it before. He smiled cheerfully when I told him so, and did not appear to be offended.

"Well," said he, "mebbe you ain't; but it's pretty well known what I come from, and it's got a powerful strong draw to it down 't Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s. You jes' take that check thar down to Drexel's, and see for yourself."

I saw that he was in earnest; and I began to realize that I possessed a treasure of antiquity, rich in a peculiarly valuable association with the early history of the United States. But what did this strange customer want of it?

"Are you a collector?" I asked him: "a collector of curiosities?"

"I am, some!" he replied, proudly: "I allow I am jes' about the boss in that there line. There are men older than me, but I am; but you can bet yer boots, stranger, there ain't many more enterprising, I'm what they call a Californy millionaire. At home I'm called a Pike as has struck it rich. Actoally, I'm from Nevada. I made my pile thar. Come East in company, with my wife—fine woman, sis—I'd like ye to know her—come East an' went in for style. Collectin' seems to be the boss hand jes' now, fer straight style; so I'm collectin'. My wife goes in fer crockery—plates 'n' jugs 'n' sich—hangs 'em up on the walls, got a—Eastlake—Vestchallum—Westville—yas! Eastlake House—fer—I tell yer—come up an' see us. We're a-fillin' it chock full, fast's we can collect. Je-ru-salem! They used to call me Three-Ace Bill out thar in Nevada; but I'm a Royal Flush now, bet yer life."

I had his measure now; but I flung him back his check—that is, I handed it back to him. You don't ding checks at a six-foot gentleman from Nevada. In a few words I explained to him my situation. "I want to commit suicide," I finished; "and you can see for yourself that one hundred dollars isn't an adequate inducement to pause in the execution of my fell design. Whether I get through a hundred dollars in a week or a month, it makes little difference to me; the fatal moment must come sooner or later. Seek not to stay my hand!"

"I ain't," he replied, calmly: "I ain't right to stay nobody's hand! Suicide if you want; I ain't got no call to stop ye. All I want is to buy the reversion of that pistol. Anyway, you can't shoot yourself with that. Tain't got no powder in the pin-hole, an' ye can't get none in. It's choked with rust."

A hasty examination showed that Mr. Crow was right. I looked despairingly at the weapon. My friend helped me out with a suggestion:

"I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll swap pistols with ye, I don't carry one myself, now—it don't seem to be good style; but I'll go out and buy ye the blazing new-fashion Colt's revolver I ever seen; an' you, ye fire yer shot off like a gentleman, and keep the check in the bargain. Pin it to yer shirt-front for the corner to give ye a rousin' stylish plant. What say?"

I said: "All right."

The door closed behind Mr. Crow's broadcloth, and I settled myself on the trunk and waited for his return. A more melancholy intermission between the acts I cannot remember—nor even in a temperance theatre.

Yet, when next I heard a knock at the door, the time seemed to have gone with peculiar rapidity; and I began to realize that a firm resolution to commit suicide ought to be carried out while warm, to have any spontaneity about it.

The knock was repeated. Mr. Crow, I thought, had learned something more of the amenities of society during his brief absence; and I called out, "Come in."

It was not Mr. Three-Ace-Bill Crow. The man at the door was a gentleman who can only be described by that vague adjective, portly. He was not a raw Westerner. That I saw at a glance. His double chin, his extensive waist, his generally unctuous and comfortable air, were all evidently the product of a high state of civilization. They indicated wealthy leisure and a French cook. This gentleman had a fortune, and had lived on it for many years. I wondered, as I looked at him, and felt within me that even approaching Death could not obliterate the sensations due at breakfast time—I wondered whether he had ever thought of committing suicide.

"Young man," said the stranger, impressively, as he paused on the door-sill: "You have interrupted him."

I interrupted him: "I have the pistol with which Aaron Burr shot Alexander Hamilton, over in Hoboken, I forgot the date. Now, how do you know it, and how did the other fellow know it?"

Strange that even the clammy hand of Death can not check curiosity. I felt naturally and healthily inquisitive.

"Has he been here?" demanded the old gentleman, raising his umbrella towards heaven: he he crossed my path at every step. Young man, whatever that illiterate person from the West may have offered you, I will increase his bid by fifty per cent. I must have that pistol."

I was enraged by this time:

"You'll neither of you have it," I cried: "unless you explain to me, right here and now, how you came to hear of that pistol."

"I saw it an hour ago at the pawnbrokers," the stout gentleman explained, promptly: "where I frequently go in search of specimens for my historical collection—of which you may have heard—the Billington collection—"

Heaven's! this was old Mr. Buckthorn Billington, the father of my unresponsive adoration—the partial and approximate cause of my suicide—my prospective suicide.

"I saw this treasure there," he went on: "I suspected its value, and, to assure myself, I rushed up to the Astor Library—which happened, by some strange chance, to be open at the moment—to assure myself of the marks. You see, the burr was the great traitor's private sign; and there appears to be no doubt that he pistol used by Burr in the duel was thus marked. It was his custom—page 398, vol. 6, Hickenlooper's Life of Aaron Burr. As soon as I had made certain of this, I hurried back to the pawnbrokers, and found that you had bought the treasure. He knew you—may heaven bless him!"

He did know me, that pawnbroker.

"I hurried here," continued Mr. Billington, "hoping to have headed off my rival—that pestilent silver-miner who has come East to dispute with me my supremacy as the first historical collector of New York. I thought I saw his demon form yonder; and, I suppose he also saw the pistol and went to the library to look up the authorities; but his defective education probably delayed him; and I trust I am in time to tear this gem from his vandal clutches."

[To be concluded.]

SHAKSPEARE STUDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET—ACT IV.

THE nurse finds, in each of the new cooks, an old crony; crony-logical, in fact, as "they call for dates."—[Sc. 4.]

CHINESE cookery obtained, for following the head cooks, with joints, poultry, etc., "enter servants with Spitz."—[Sc. 4.]

KNOWING, as she did, Juliet's need of repose, the nurse affects surprise that her young mistress had drest in bed.—[Sc. 5.]

FORCED to acknowledge that his daughter is really dead, the poor old man yet clings to the comfort of contradiction, and says: "Death lies on her."—[Sc. 5.]

THE father calls his child a sweet flower; perhaps on account of her leaving, or ascent, or that she is become aroma amid the stars.—[Sc. 5.]

THE apparently wealthy Capulets "O" for everything, and make an O, O, full day of it. They croon: "O lamentable day!" till it becomes a lamentable day.—[Sc. 5.]

THE progenitor of the good priest is referred to only once, and then in the stage directions: "Friar Laurence and Par is with musicians."—[Sc. 5.]

Now that her daughter's thread of life is broken, and to sew lace cannot help her, Lady Capulet is quite anxious to perform this needless work.—[Sc. 5.]

WHILE Grief stands, statue-like, chilled to her marble heart with pity for poor Paris, bereaved of his beautiful bride, the smiling imp of compensation peeps round the corner of the sculptured form and observes: "He skipped the mother-in-law!"—[Sc. 5.]

THE friar, unable to check Capulet's loud grief, at last yields the point and tells him to "go in."—[Sc. 5.]

WHILE the heavens have lowered upon the parents, they have flowered the maiden's bier.—[Sc. 5.]

PETER asks the musicians: "Can none drum 'Heart's Ease'?" and tries to snare them into another comundrum.—[Sc. 5.] JOHN ALBRO.

THEY HAVE STRUCK IT IN PARIS! The *Pail Journal* *per Rire* announces:

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

THE TEASE!

A game new, replacing with advantage all the "games of patience" known up to present, is called to become the "grand attraction" of the day. He himself composes of a little exchequer of sixteen pawns numbereds; which themselves lend to some combinations without end. One can read, in the New York *Herald*, that some bets importants are engaged on the solution of such situation given. All recently yet, the *Press Illustrated* was offering a prize of 500 francs to this-him who will find the solution mathematic of this game strongly attaching.

We are in measure to make to profit our subscribers of this Novelty. To send 60 centimes in stamps-posts to the bureau of the *Little Journal for-to-laugh* for it to receive *franco* in France.

A MORNING IN THE MARDIAN WOOD.

WITHIN the radiance of a misty life
The martone spends his way of baleful strife,

And, from the low'ring fret-call of the wood,
The abbe, in his droan and mottled hood,
Calls gaily to the wood-link in the vale,
Whistles and "wanks his head" as with a flail;
While from the bough of some high-reaching pine
Is heard the night-marsh's solitary moan.

Now distant Phoebus breaks the giddy peak,
And flaunting trees the little bushes seek;
While from a gristling rock, wind-scarred and torn,
Is heard the sound of Plainies' merry horn.

The violets, with their modest look of woe,
Seem breaking out with chirp and call and crow.

See! from the vale the plow-boy comes apace,

With such a merry look upon his face,
As hard he leans upon his hurling staff,

And calls up echoes with his doleful laugh.

A tant-pole hangs in folds about his neck,

Which e'er and anon the linnets peck;

The tree-gram glids his crest of solemn hue,

And all the world seems bursting out anew.

How oft do we in guileless hour's mood,

Seem thinking how the mind is best renewed,

And, with a mournful glimpse of what is past,

Try to remember that it cannot last.

As we grow young again in sin and crime,

Alas! there seems to come to all a time

When, like the tree-gram's plume of solemn black,

The sins of future years come graveling back.

But now the sun has burst the clouds apart,

And life in wood and vale doth seem to start

The linnet, tree-gram, and the wood-link grey,

With night-marsh join and sing a roundelay.

MORAL.

Thus have we seen that nature, calm and still
Thro' the long night, can teach us what it will.

LIGHT AND SHADE IN THE LIFE OF A TRAMP.



JERSEY TRAMP.
MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.



MASSACHUSETTS TRAMP.
THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW MUST BE ENFORCED.



THE APPOMATTOX OF THE THIRD TERMERS—UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A LEAF FROM THE SKETCH BOOK



OF PUCK'S SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHICAGO.

OFFICERS, BUT NOT GENTLEMEN.

IT is not so very long ago that the country was startled with the announcement of a brutal outrage upon the colored cadet Whittaker at West Point. We very clearly expressed our opinion at the time that it made very little difference if the outrage was or was not committed. If not, the young charity soldiers were quite capable of doing it if they had the chance, as they have proved to their own and everybody else's satisfaction, over and over again.

Now we are regaled with a one-sided shooting affray between two sucking West Pointers, wherein one of these incipient warriors had a narrow escape of losing his life. This unpleasantness, it is true, did not occur at West Point itself, but at a preparatory school for that institution; but still it was, practically, as if it had taken place at the Academy itself.

An unlicked Texan cub, who, in accordance with the manners and customs of his large, but primitive, State, carried a pistol, fired it at an Ohioan cub who did not carry a pistol. The Ohioan cub, in common with many of his comrades, had been doing his best to annoy the young Texan savage, who, with savage instincts, retaliated, nearly killing the would-be hazer on the spot.

Of course the Texan boy ought not to have been allowed to carry a pistol—and if he did carry one, he ought to have had sufficiently gentlemanly instincts not to have used it on small provocation. But one might as well talk of gentlemanly instincts in a Texan candidate for West Point as speak of ball-room etiquette in a bear.

If the young Ohioan had known how to behave himself, he would not have attempted anything approaching to the vulgar, barbarous horse-play called "hazing." But to expect a son of a petty office-holder to know anything of manners, would be like asking Messrs. Goss

and Ryan to model their lives on Chesterfieldian formulas.

Our opinion regarding the class from whom our army and navy cadets are recruited is but confirmed. An Annapolis or West Point man is very rarely a gentleman by instinct or breeding. He may acquire a certain amount of polish by education and by mingling with people better than himself, but the cloven foot will peep out at some time or other, be he Admiral or General. He is usually vastly inferior to any army or navy officer of any European power.

You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and, so long as West Point and Annapolis are filled with the proteges of Congressmen and political hacks, so long will the boys have the same manners as their patrons, and, in course of time, become officers without being gentlemen.

Indeed, the time may not be far distant when they will be considered as disreputable to associate with army or navy officers as it is now with many clergymen, more lawyers, and all politicians.

A CONDENSED ACQUAINTANCE.

"Do I know him? Do I? Well, I should rather think I did. Lived eighteen months in his house during the tenure see—what year was it? Oh, yes—'71."

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

WE UNDERSTAND that Mr. Goss, having successfully practised upon Mr. Goss, considers himself in proper training for a Manhattan Beach waiter, and will apply for the position immediately.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

THE OCEAN.

OH, shun the ocean's wave, unless you'd waive
Safety from sickness of the sea, and see
Yourself so ill you'd gravely wish the grave
Would ope, and wretched retching cease to bel
Some grassy lea you'd see upon the lee,
And wish that you could land upon the land,
Since all your food so freely seemed set free,
But vainly you would come with such command,
Unless the ship should strand upon some un-
known strand.

The seas, on seasonable days, his high
When mighty winds blow up the deeps below,
And sea-foam's raised far up towards the sky,
While wavelets into mighty billows grow;
No mister then the mystery can know
Of all that's hid beneath the hideous waves,
To which, in vain, we loudly cries out whos;
Without a caveat to ocean's caves
Their prey unwavering waves sweep swift as if
to graves.

Some memorable days does memory bring,
When almost at sea-saw one saw the sea,
Sometimes far skyward giant waves 'would fling,
Sometimes its breast as smooth as glass would be;
When rocked the ship with huge rocks on its lee,
And gentle winds blew waves of bluish hue
From every danger seemed the sea then free;
Yet, when o'er ocean blue the fierce wind blew,
It's true, with wrecks the rocky shore swift did
it strewn.

Oh, shun the ocean's breast, unless you'd breast
Raw northern winds with their terrific roar,
And meet the waves as they swell high and crest,
And see its hungry maw gape wide for more,
Of human prey, though there's a score in its caw!
O shun the ocean's tide, lest there betide
To you some woe: safe shoar yourself on shore,
And by some quiet brooklet ever bide,
Where, in past days, some dainty maid sighed
by your side. AUTHOR LOT.

Why don't they have an examination in color-blindness at West Point?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

WELL, now, the question is, will a West Point cadet lie, or won't he? It is greatly feared that he w—,—*Hawkeye.*

So many of Lorillard's horses have been scratched in England that one is led to think they have been running for office.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BOS INGERSOLL, after all, is not quite an atheist. He believes in the efficacy of the red flannel shawl upon an audience of taurine emotions.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

A LINE in a Welsh poem reads: "Mi ganaf i chwi ganu am fy rwyth Pete." We advise Pete to do nothing of the kind. It would be injudicious.—*Norritown Herald.*

The Chicago hotel-clerk looks at the papers hastily in the morning, and not seeing any notice of his scarfpin, believes that the dark horse will be the candidate.—*New York Herald.*

SWINBURNE, the poet, in one of his poems, once called the Prince of Wales "a thin worm crowned and curled." Wales is a pretty thick worm, now, and as bald as an anti-third-term Chicago Tribune article.—*Disappointed N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The arithmetic teachers do not now dare ask a third-term question in arithmetic. One of them tried it the other day. Said she, "Johnny, what is a unit?" Said he, "My father says it is a dove of Conkling's, and that he'll do as he pleases."—*Boston Transcript.*

A GANG of burglars were a burgling at Long Island the other day, and they stole a set of Appleton's Cyclopaedia. This shows that there is a commendable thirst for knowledge among this class of night workers that has hitherto been unsuspected. No doubt these cracksmen came from Boston. When an enterprising burglar isn't burgling he likes to lie in a basking in the sun, with the Cyclopaedia volumes him encircling, to read the books all over, one by one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUCK ON WHEELS!

25 beautiful Fancy Cards, splendidly assorted, will be sent upon receipt of 25c. **MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN,** 21-25 Warren St., New York.

"Silence in Court," cried the Judge, "until I can pronounce Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco, the very best Smoking Tobacco. Always reliable, uniform in quality, full weight, never bites the tongue, and as sweet as the rose."

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitter known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cord in itself, if taken pure, it is also most excellent for mixing with beer, wine, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitter in existence.

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such as we knew in the Nursery. **TAKE NO OTHER.** Remember! There are MANY Counterfeits and Imitations.

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FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.

DIAMONDS & JEWELS.

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CAUTION.
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THE THREE STANDARD TABLE WATERS.

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Unsurpassed as diluents for wines and liquors.

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124 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 17th and 18th Streets, New York.

E. M. EARLE

Invites attention to his Spring importation of LONDON (WEST END) HARNESS, made of the best Oak-Tanned Leather, and Mountings in SILVER, plated by hand on German Silver. Mountings in BRASS are solid, warranted to outwear anything made in this country.

MR. EARLE is prepared to furnish a set of SINGLE, DOUBLE, TANDEM or FOUR-IN-HAND HARNESS, suitable for any style or weight of carriage. He will execute orders in three days, sending the Harness home, with Crests or Monograms, ready for use, and will guarantee satisfaction.

Saddles, Bridles, Horse Clothing, Driving Aprons of cloth to match lining of carriages, for gentlemen and coachmen, and Stable Furnishing Goods, Coachmen's Top Boots, Collars, Scarfs, and Liveries, all of the latest style and best material and workmanship, at much lower prices than are charged by City manufacturers for interior.

Greenfield's

909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.

Delicious Fresh

CANDIES

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PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

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THOMAS LORD.

JULES MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNES.

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The genuine Jules Mumm has a black label bearing the inscription "JULES MUMM & CO. REIMS," in gold letters.
The corks are also branded with full firm name.

THE CELEBRATED KRONTHAL



Natural
Mineral
Water.



which received First Prize and Gold Medal at Munich 1879, as the most wholesome and most palatable table water for daily use.

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HUNGEN WINES ARE SOLD, WHICH HAS
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THE PUREST CHAMPAGNE



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IMPORTER OF

RHINE, FRENCH & SPANISH WINES.

Also,
Ohio, California, Mass., Delaware and Virginia
Wines; Genuine Port and Sherry Wines;
AS THE

BEST BRANDS OF COGNAC & CHAMPAGNES.

HE RECKONED HE DID.

It is not intended that some men shall marry peacefully. Bill Skittles lives in South Arkansas. For the past six months he has been studying for the ministry, and it occurred to Bill several days ago that just before instituting a revival it would be a good thing to get married. He mentioned the subject to a young lady, and asked her to share his ministerial melancholy and hilarity; but the young lady said she had promised to marry Zeb Monk, the professional well-cleaner of the neighborhood.

"Oh, well," said the minister, "I am pretty well acquainted with Zeb, and I don't believe he'd kick."

The young lady finally agreed and the wedding day was fixed.

Grand preparations were made. The girl's brothers had caught a couple of 'possums, and the old lady had baked an immense sweet-potatoe. "The Justice of the Peace had arrived. The parties took their places. The Justice proceeded with the ceremony, when Zeb Monk walked in and demanded:

"Let up thar, boss. Say, cap'n, turn that gal loose."

"I reckon I won't," replied Bill.

"Well, then," said Zeb, drawing a revolver,

"I'll kinder resort to extremities."

"See here," remarked Bill, "are you in earnest about this thing?"

"I reckon I am."

"Do you mean hog's head and turnip-greens?"

"I reckon I do."

"Right down to corn-bread and cabbages?"

"I reckon it is."

"Well, then, you can take the gal. It was only sweet milk and pie with me; I'm in fun. I had a new pair of trousers and didn't know what to do with 'em. Come a little closer. Is it spernerbs and backbones?"

"I reckon it is."

"Then I know the gal is your'n." And with a slight change in the license, the marriage proceeded.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

ONE of our most enterprising stockbrokers had occasion, a few days since, to call on a customer for additional margin. He had prepared himself for almost any excuse which the man might offer for delay, but he confessed himself quite unable to cope with the ingenuity which inspired the following reply: "My dear fellow, that's all right. Why, bless your heart, I'm so anxious to accommodate you that I've sold a piece of property worth \$100,000; but my aged grandmother has an eighth interest in it, and just as she was going to sign the deed she had a stroke of paralysis. Just my luck!"

—How.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

That furred tongue, had tasting mouth and miserable feeling says you need Hop Bitters.

Removed—Confederates, from 318 East St. to their new building, 6 Barclay St.

MARTIN KEPLER,
MINA SCHALL.

"Puck" Liliputian Safety Razor

IS WARRANTED

To Shave Clean

WITHOUT

CUTTING THE SKIN

H. B. CLAPHAM & CO.,

140 CHURCH ST.,

NEW YORK,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

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John Reither, Patentee,

229 Broadway, N. Y.



G. H. MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNE.

IMPORTATION IN 1879,

49,312 CASES,

OR

22,526 Cases MORE

than of any other brand.

CAUTION.—Beware of imposition or mistakes, owing to the great similarity of caps and labels, under which inferior brands of Champagne are sold.

In ordering G. H. MUMM & CO'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear its name and initials.

FRED'K. DE BARY & CO.,

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Sole Agents in the U. S. and Canada.

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308 Broadway, N. Y.

(A. Wazana, formerly with G. H. Mumm & Co., Reims' 1st well-known Champagne House).

Vintage

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Just out.

Compares favorably with either Pilsen Holdstock or MUMM EXTRA DRY.

"THE AMERICA" EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.

RUINART PÈRE & FILS CHAMPAGNES.

Consommateur pronounce recent shipments of these Wines to be unequalled in quality.

Versenyi, dry, full bodied, rich flavor.

Carte Blanche, Fruity, delicate flavor, not too dry.

BOUGE, CAMMEYER & CO.,

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Breakfast from 7 A. M. to 1 P. M. 50 cents.—Table d'hôte from 1 P. M. to 11 P. M. \$1.00, incl. 14 bottle wine.
Meals at all hours. Furnished rooms to let.

THE snobbishness of the *nouveau riche* in "Trisco" has become a well-worn theme, but we think the following anecdote "out-Herods Herod" in *parten* sobriety. Among the acquaintances of a Taylor-street magnate was a representative of the ancient State of Virginia, who prided herself upon her F. F. V., inwardly considering *she* was the one who paid the compliment in calling, and was not the one complimented in being received. But one day, soon after the ascendancy of Nob Hill aristocracy, she was amazed, on presenting her card at the Taylor-street mansion, to find the servant inspect her from head to foot, and then return her card with the remark: "My mistress's orders are very

strict, mum; sorry can't admit you to-day, but we don't receive people *twice* in the same costume." How is that for style? Another resident of the same locality, when revising her visiting list on her husband's sudden accession to some unexpected bonanza, struck from it the names of those ladies she had previously known who did not own carriages, remarking: "One must draw the line somewhere." What was her delight, a short time afterwards, at seeing drawn up before her door the carriage of a lady whose acquaintance she was more than anxious to cultivate, but her annoyance and chagrin was unbounded at receiving from her servant's lips the message: "Mrs. Elite's compliments, and

she has sent her carriage to call on Mrs. Cash." Who can say she was not served perfectly right? —S. F. News-Letter.

HE was dressed like a working man, and was undoubtedly a house-painter, but in the meantime he gazed intently at the beautifully trimmed tail of the mule. An idea struck him, and, turning to the driver, he said: "I know how you can make a quarter." "How so?" asked the driver. "When nobody is looking you cut off that mule's tail and I'll give you a quarter for it. It would make a splendid paint-brush." The driver said it was not his mule. —Galveston News.

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Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American Public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harms, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE NERVOUS AND BILIOUS HEADACHE, OR NEURALGIA, IN FIVE MINUTES. POSITIVELY REMOVE SCURF AND DANDRUFF, PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS, WHILE PROMOTING A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH OF THE HAIR. IT ALSO GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WEARIED BRAIN.

IT NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE A RAPID GROWTH OF HAIR ON BALD HEADS, where the Glands and Follicles are not totally destroyed.

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J. JEWETT.
Longfleet, January 21st, 1879.
"I have never known them to fail in curing a bad headache. They are an excellent remedy for Scurf or Dandruff, with which I was troubled, but am now cured."
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W. G. WILLIAMS, Chemist.

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[FROM ALLEN PEARCE & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.]
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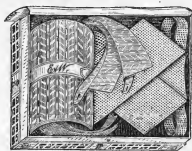
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"Yes, Elfrida," says the *Hawkeye*, tearfully,
"this is a world of transitory things. Every-
thing changes in this world, except the circus
and Mary Anderson's age."

CENSUS-TAKERS are to be paid by the num-
ber of names they collect, and several men
have declined the job in the town where Alva-
rado Buoncompagni and Higginlar Zabrieskow-
atschiera reside.—*Boston Post*.

BARNUM has sworn his circus is worth only
\$60,000, but even that is a good price. We've
seen circuses that weren't worth two cents.
Besides, you must bear in mind that Barnum
was laboring under the excitement of talking
to a tax collector.—*Boston Post*.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and
be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well,
I don't know—yes." "Do you think Barnum,
for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he
has a good show," was the rather equivocal
reply. Strange that some men can never be
serious.—*Boston Transcript*.

AND now the Oilymargarine manufacturers
have taken the wind out of the sails of their
persecutors by gravely announcing that here-
after they will prosecute to the full extent of
the law all imitations of the color and appear-
ance of their wares by the constructors of "ordi-
nary boarding-house" butter. This is as it
should be, and it looks now as though the pa-
tient, down-trodden hash-chewer of the tilling
masses was at last sure of some protection.—
San Francisco Post.

A SCULPTOR's wife had her husband arrested
in Cincinnati the other day for assault and bat-
tery, because, as she testified, on the occasion
of her going to his studio to inform him that
the woman across the way had eloped, he
struck her in the face with a huge mass of mud.
The sculptor explained that the occasion re-
ferred to was the first time for years he had
seen a pleasant look on his wife's face, and
therefore he hastened to take a clay cast of her
features, so as to catch the expression for use
on a bust he intended to model. The court
dismissed the case.—*San Francisco Post*.

Oh, why will you let that invalid friend suffer that Hop Bitters
will so certainly cure.



VIROTYPE.

Patent granted March 19th, 1880.

Um die durch Photographie enthaltenden Mängel
der Vervielfältigung und Härte zu beseitigen, hat man
eine fahrbare Externlinie gemacht, ohne die Bildung
des Resultats zu erschweren.

Der Vorzug, dass die Photographie zu viel Gewicht
auf das Unwesentliche im Kopie liegt, ist vollkommen
geschwunden; so wird durch die Eigenschaft der
Linse herbeigeführt, welche im Gegensatz zu dem Unwicht-
igen eine Reihe hervorhebt, bei dem eine Menge un-
wesentlicher Details die Haupttheile entzieht.

Alle neue Vervielfältigungen in Photographie durch
eine Schicht besser wirkender Luft im photographi-
schen, besteht. Diese Vervielfältigung liefert ein Bild,
welches charakteristische Köpfe mit markanten Zügen,
denen die Sonnenstrahlen ausstrahlen. Aber besonders ist
dem vollkommen weichen und künstlerisch erschrie-
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N'IMPORTE.
We all have motives, good or bad,
Such as at times e'en you have had,
O smooth-tongued citizen!

For, just as other men,
You're far from perfect, and I'm glad
To find at this you don't get mad,
Which would indeed be very sad

A thing for me to pen,
And quick have struck
From tell-tale type, so every cad,
Or cynic braced with liver-pad,
Could swear exactly when

You swore like troopers ten—
The practice vice of frauds, bedad!
Cartooned by PUCK.

—Erratic Enrique, in N. Y. Daily News.

It is possible that Cadet Whittaker may be retired on half pay, on account of wounds received in service.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

There are now about 200,000 Christians in China, and they can soon begin to send missionaries to the United States.—*Boston Post*.

The attitude of Greece at this time recalls Byron's famous line: "Tis Oilymargarine, but living Oilymargarine no more."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us how dogs should be clipped. As this is the season when dogs are clipped, we give the recipe in full. First obtain a dog; then get a good large hickory club. Prepare your dog by tying him to a post, and then clip him over the head with the club about five hundred times.—*Oil City Derrick*.

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ing at BAY RIDGE with Train for Manhattan Beach as follows:
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7.25 p. m. Returning leave MANHATTAN BEACH at 8.25,
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By steamer SYLVAN GROVE, from foot of 2nd Street, E. R.:
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Leather Public Goat Button, E. C. Burr's best.....\$46.00 to \$47.00

Leather Public Goat Button, E. C. Burr's best.....\$47.00 to \$48.00

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Leather Public Goat Button, E. C. Burr's best.....\$97.00 to \$98.00

Leather Public Goat Button, E. C. Burr's best.....\$98.00 to \$99.00

Leather Public Goat Button, E. C. Burr's best.....\$99.00 to \$100.00

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Leather Public Goat Button, E. C. Burr's best.....\$102.00 to \$103.00

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Greatest Bargains This Season.

50 PIECES ALL-WOOL BLACK LACE HUNTING, 85c.
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ANOTHER LOT BLACK ALL-WOOL BUNTINGS AT 18c.

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ONLY 85c.

500 BLACK ALL-WOOL SHAWLS, \$2, \$2.50 UP—HALF
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BLACK AND COLORED, 72c, 95c AND \$1 PER YARD.

LADIES' SUITS.

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LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
AT LARGELY REDUCED PRICES.

Striped Silk Costumes

AT \$10.75, AT \$12.50.

SILK COSTUMES AT \$16, \$18, \$20 AND \$25, SOLD THIS
SEASON FOR DOUBLE THE MONEY.

DOUBLE-BREADED LINEN VESTERS AT \$1.10 EACH.

ALL-WOOL BUNTING, CASHMERE AND SUMMER
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in any style desired and
at moderate prices.

Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.

A FRIEND—No, we are not going to Europe
this Summer. Our congregation cannot afford
it.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE Boston *Commercial Bulletin* informs us
that the King of Oilymargarine—George, of
Greece—is visiting Paris.

THERE are three men in jail at Ozark, Ark.,
charged with murder. The remarkable thing
about this case is that the men are in jail.—
Boston Post.

THE man who has nothing to do can make a
fortune by hunting crows. The demand for
this class of meat will be enormous during the
next few days.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

"I LIKE hot weather best," said a Philadel-
phia girl, "because it makes pa and ma so
sleepy that they don't come bothering around
the parlor the nights I have male company."—
Phila. Kronicle-Herald.

MARK TWAIN, speaking of a new mosquito-
netting, writes: "The day is coming when we
shall sit under our nets in church and slumber
peacefully, while the discomforted flies club to-
gether and take it out of the minister."

MR. TILDEN'S strength is so wonderful that,
the other day, when he suddenly shut his teeth
down on a crust of bread, a piece flew 150 feet
into the air, and, descending, smashed a tele-
graph pole to atoms.—*San Francisco News-
Leader.*

THE shooting-gallery men are doing a poor
business. They might work up a little trade at
five cents a throw if they would put up a stuffed
cat on a practicable garden wall and allow cus-
tomers to throw boot-jacks at the offending ob-
ject.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"PHILADELPHIA is happy," says PUCK, be-
cause "the eyes of the world have been on her
for a week, and she has beaten New York in
having a railway crash." Dressing in crash,
and having the eyes of the world on her while
she flirts. The dizzy jade.—*Oil City Derrick.*

MISS LEVENIA VICTORIA SMITH has just com-
pleted a panel for a door. She took the panel
out of the door and painted a long-legged crane
standing upon it. During the progress of the
work the draught coming through the hole
where the panel should have been caused her
three sisters to catch the pneumonia. One is
already dead, and the others hope to be. On
putting the panel back she discovered that it
was painted on the wrong side. The picture is
much admired by people who pass the house.
—*S. F. News Letter.*

TRAIN agents on the Chicago and North-
western Railroad are required to keep clean,
act decently, talk in a low tone, not walk the
cars more than once in thirty miles, and never
throw books in a passenger's lap. And what a
dreary road it must be to ride over! We might,
perhaps, in time, get used to a clean train
agent and his decent acting; but to sit in a
rail car where one of these peripatetic encyclo-
pædias talks "in a low tone" must be as de-
pressing as solitary confinement in the Black
Hole of Calcutta, or an after-dinner oration.
And to ride thirty miles without a visitation
from this literary legionary! And pray what
were laps made for, if not to throw books into?
Why, heretofore a man could get posted in all
the different ways of scalping Indians and
sounding the war-whoop, by means of the books
thrown into his lap in a twenty-mile ride, with-
out its costing him one cent. And now this
privilege is to be snatched from him by a soul-
less corporation. Are we men? Are we free-
men? Are we—beg pardon; we didn't intend
to drop into conundrums.—*Boston Transcript.*

PUCK ON WHEELS!

1880 JONES 1840

CHOICE SUMMER GOODS

35 DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS
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SUITS & CLOAKS. HOUSEFURN'G GOODS.
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Samples sent free.



Milk of Magnesia is the quickest
and surest quietor of a stomach disordered
by smoking, excessive eating or drinking,
sea sickness and the like. It is invaluable for
headache, heart-burn, flatulency, etc.,
caused by improper digestion. Should be
found in every family, particularly at water-
ing-places, where indigestion is the order.
Facilitates adapted to females and the best child's medicine known.

RUNK & UNGER,

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TAUNUS NATURAL MINERAL WATER.
District & Co., Huedesheim, Rhine Wines.
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etc., etc.

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